JOSHUA'S TRIUMPH.

Dr. Talmage on the Intrepid Warrior of Israel.

The Story of the Parting of the Waters of Jordan—The Overthrow of Jericho—Last Hours of the Old Commander.

In continuation of his course of lectures on the Holy Land, delivered at Brooklyn, Rev. T. De Witt Talmage recently took his text from Joshua, xi. 5: "And when all these Kings were met together, they came and pitched together at the waters of Merom to fight against Israel." He said:

We are encamped to-night in Palestine by the waters of Merom. After a long march we have found our tents pitched, our fires kindled, and though far away from civilization, a variety of food that would not compromise a first-class American hotel, for the most of our caravan starts an hour and a half earlier in the morning. The malarias around this Lake Merom are so poisonous that at any other season of the year encampment here is perilous, but this winter night the air is tonic and healthful. In this neighborhood Joshua fought his last great battle. The nations had banded themselves together to crush this Joshua, but along the banks of these waters Joshua left their carcasses. Indeed it is time that we more minutely examine this Joshua of whom we have in these discourses caught only a momentary glimpse, although he crossed and recrossed Palestine, and next to Jesus is the most stirring and mighty character whose foot ever touched the Holy Land.

Moses was dead. A beautiful tradition says the Lord kissed him, and in that act drew forth the soul of the dying lawgiver. He had been buried; only one Person at the funeral, the same One who kissed him. But God never takes a man away from any place of usefulness but he has some one ready.

Moses has passed off the stage and Joshua, the hero, puts his foot on the platform of history so solidly that all the ages echo with the tread. He was a magnificent fighter. He got his military equipment from God, who gave him the promise at the start: "There shall not any man be able to stand before thee all the days of thy life." God fulfilled this promise, although Joshua's first battle was with the spring freshet; and the next with a stone wall; and the next, leading on a regiment of whipped cowards; and the next battle, against darkness, wheeling the sun and the moon into his battalion, and the last, against the king of terrors, death—five great victories.

For the most part, when the general of an army starts out in a conflict he would like to have a small battle in order that he may get his courage up and he may rally his troops and get them drilled for greater conflicts; but this first undertaking of Joshua was greater than the leveling of Fort Pulaski, or the thundering down of Gibraltar, or the overthrow of the Bastile. It was the crossing of the Jordan at the time of the spring freshet. The snows of Mount Lebanon had just been melting and they poured down into the valley, and the whole valley was a raging torrent. So the Canaanites stand on one bank and they look across and see Joshua and the Israelites, and they laugh and say: "Aha! aha! they can not disturb us in time—until the freshets fall; it is impossible for them to reach us." But after awhile they look across the water and they see a movement in the army of Joshua. They say, "what's the matter now? Why, there must be a panic among these troops, and they are going to fly, or perhaps they are going to try to march across Jordan. Joshua is a lunatic." But Joshua, the chieftain, looks at his army and cries: "Forward, march!" and they start for the bank of the Jordan.

One mile ahead go two priests carrying a glittering box four feet long and two feet wide. It is the ark of the covenant. And they come down, and no sooner do they just touch the rim of the water with their feet than by an almighty fiat, Jordan parts. The army of Joshua marches right on without getting their feet wet, over the bottom of the river, a path of chalk and broken shells and pebbles, until they get to the other bank. Then they lay hold of the oleanders and tamarisks and willows and pull themselves up a bank thirty or forty feet high and, having gained the other bank, they clap their shields and their cymbals, and sing the praises of the God of Joshua. But no sooner have they reached the bank than the waters begin to dash and roar, and with a terrific rush they break loose from their strange anchorage. Out yonder, thirty miles of distance they halted. On this side the waters roll off toward the salt sea. But as the hand of the Lord God is taken away from the thus uplifted waters—waters perhaps uplifted half a mile—as the almighty hand is taken away, those waters rush down, and some of the unbelieving Israelites say: "Alas, alas, what a misfortune! Why could not those waters have stayed parted? Because, perhaps, we may want to go back. Would it not have been a more complete miracle if the Lord had parted the waters to let us come through and kept them parted to let us go back if we are defeated?" My friends, God makes no provision for a Christian's retreat. He clears the path all the way to Canaan. To go back is to die. The same gatekeepers that swing back the amethystine and crystalline gates of the Jordan to let Israel pass through now swing shut the amethystine and crystalline gate of the Jordan to keep the Israelites from going back. I declare it in your hearing to-day, victory ahead, water thirty feet deep in the rear, triumph ahead, Canaan ahead, behind you death and darkness and woe and hell.

But this is no place for the host to stop. Joshua gives the command, "Forward march!" In the distance there is a long grove of trees and at the end of the grove is a city. It is a city of arbors, a city with the walls seeming to reach to the heaven, to buttress the very sky. It is the great metropolis that commands the mountain pass. It is Jericho. That city was afterward captured by Pompey, and it was afterward captured by Herod the Great, and it was afterward captured by the Mohammedans, but this campaign the Lord plans. There shall be no swords, no shields, no battering ram. There shall be only one weapon of war and that a ram's horn. The horn of the slain ram was sometimes taken and holes were punctured in it and then the musician would put the instrument to his lips and he would run his fingers over this rude musical instrument and make a great deal of sweet harmony for the people. That was the only kind of weapon. Several priests were to take these rude, rustic musical instruments and they were to go around the city every day for six days—once a day for six days and then on the seventh day they were to go around blowing these rude musical instruments seven times, and then at the close of the seventh blowing of the rams' horns on the seventh day the peroration of the whole scene was to be a shout at which those great walls should tumble from capstone to base.

The seven priests with the rude musical instruments pass all around the city walls on the first day, and a failure. Not so much as a piece of plaster broke loose from the wall—not so much as a loosened rock, not [illegible] with sprinkled ashes and [illegible] shoulds retreat the catapults [illegible] pour a volley of bullstones into the valley and all the artillery of the heavens with bullets of iron pound the Canaanites against the ledges of Beth-horon.

"O!" says Joshua, "this is surely a victory." "But do you not see the sun is going down? Those Amorites are going to get away after all, and then they will come up some other time and bother us and perhaps destroy us." See, the sun is going down. Oh, for a longer day than has ever been seen in this climate! Has he fallen in a apoplectic fit? No; he is in prayer. Look out when a good man makes the Lord his ally.

Joshua raised his face, radiant with prayer, and looks at the descending sun over Gibeon and at the faint crescent of the moon. Pointing one hand at the descending sun and the other at the faint crescent of the moon, in the name of that God who shaped the worlds and moves the worlds, he cried: "Sun, stand thou still upon Gibeon; and thou, moon, in the valley of Ajalon." They halted. Whether it was by refraction of the sun's rays or by the stopping of the whole planetary system I do not know and do not care. I leave it to the Christian scientists and the infidel scientists to settle that question, while I tell you I have seen the same thing. "What!" say you, "not the sun stand still?" Yes. The same miracle is performed nowadays. The wicked do not live out half their day and the sun sets at noon. But let a man start out for God and the truth and against sin and the day of his usefulness is prolonged and prolonged and prolonged.

Robert McCheyne was a consumptive Presbyterian. It was said when he preached, he coughed so it seemed as if he would never preach again. His name is fragrant in all Christendom, that name mightier to-day than was ever his living presence. He lived to preach the Gospel in Aberdeen, Edinburg and Dundee, but he went away very early. He preached himself into the grave. Has Robert McCheyne's sun set? Is Robert McCheyne's day ended? O, no! His dying delirium was filled with prayer, and when he lifted his hand to pronounce the benediction upon his family, and the benediction upon his country, he seemed to say: "I can not die now; I want to live on and on. I want to start an influence for the Church that will never cease. I am only 30 years of age. Sun of my Christian ministry, stand still over Scotland." And it stood still.

A long time ago there was a Christian woman very consecrated, and she had a drunken husband, and so on came the night of domestic trouble. She lost her children, and there came the night of bereavement. She was very ill, and there came the night of sickness. Her soul departed, and there came the night of death. But all these nights of trouble, and darkness, and sorrow, and sickness were illumined by the grace of the Gospel; and people came many miles to see how cheerfully a Christian could die. The moon that illumined that night of trouble was a reflection from the Sun of righteousness. In the last hour of that night—that night of darkness and sickness and misfortune, as she lifted her hand toward Heaven, those who stood nearest her pillow could hear the whisper—for she wanted to live on in the generations that were to follow, consecrated to God; she wanted to have an influence long after she had entered upon her eternal reward, and while her hand was lifted and her lips were moving, those who stood nearest her pillow could hear her say: "Thou moon, stand still in the valley of Ajalon."

But Joshua was not quite through. There was time for five funerals before the sun of that prolonged day set. Who will preach their funeral sermon?. Massillon preached the funeral sermon over Louis XVI. Who will preach the funeral sermon of those five dead Kings—King of Jerusalem, King of Hebron, King of Jarmuth, King of Lachish, King of Eglon? Let it be Joshua. What is his text? "There shall not any man be able to stand before thee all the days of thy life."

But before you fasten up the door I want five more Kings beheaded and thrust in: King Alcohol, King Fraud, King Lust, King Superstition, King Infidelity. Then fasten up the door forever. What shall the inscription and what shall the epitaph be? For all Christian philanthropists of all ages are going to come and look at it. What shall the inscription be? "There shall not any man be able to stand before thee all the days of thy life."

But it is time for Joshua to go home. He is 110 years old. Washington went down the Potomac and at Mount Vernon closed his days. Wellington died peacefully at Apsley House. Now, where shall Joshua rest? Why, he is to have his greatest battle now. After 110 years he has met a king who has more subjects than all the present population of the earth, his throne a pyramid of skulls, his parterre the graveyards and cemeteries of the world, his chariot the world's hearse—the king of terrors. But if this is Joshua's greatest battle it is going to be Joshua's greatest victory. He gathers his friends around him and gives his valedictory, and it is full of reminiscence. Young men tell what they are going to do; old men tell what they have done. And as you have heard a grandfather or great grandfather, seated by the evening fire, tell of Monmouth or Yorktown, and they lift the crutch or staff as though it were a musket, to fight and show how the old battles were won—so Joshua gathers his friends around his dying couch, and he tells them the story of what he has been through, and as he lies there, his white locks snowing down on his wrinkled forehead, I wonder if God has kept his promise all the way through. As he lies there he tells the story one, two or three times—you have heard old people tell a story two or three times over—and he answers: "I go the way of all the earth, and not one word of the promise has failed, not one word thereof has failed; all has come to pass, not one word thereof has failed." And then he turns to his family, as a dying parent will, and says: "Choose now whom you will serve, the God of Israel, or the God of the Amorites. As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord." A dying parent can not be reckless or thoughtless in regard to his children. Consent to part with them forever at the door of the tomb we can not. By the cradle in which their infancy was rocked, by the bosom on which they first lay, by the blood of the covenant, by the God of Joshua, it shall not be. We will not part, we can not part. Jehovah Jireh, we take Thee at Thy promise. "I will be a God to thee and thy seed after thee."

Dead, the old chieftain must be laid out. Handle him very gently; that sacred body is over 110 years of age. Lay him out, stretch out thee feet that walked dry shod the parted Jordan. Close those lips which helped blow the blast at which the walls of Jericho fell. Fold the arm that lifted the spear toward the doomed city of Ai. Fold it right over the heart that exulted when the five Kings fell. But where shall we get the burnished granite for the headstone and the footstone? I bethink myself now, I imagine for the head it shall be the sun that stood still upon Gibeon, and for the foot the moon that stood still in the valley of Ajalon.

RHINELAND POTTERS.

Something of the Ware Formerly Made Exclusively in Germany.

Long-Established Potteries Broken Up by the Seventeenth Century War—The Condition of the Business at This Time.

Connoisseurs love—and many who have no pretension to that title are familiar, says the English Illustrated Magazine, with—the quaint drinking mugs and other vessels which are known as Gres de Flandres. Scoffers have said that the peculiar stoneware in question has been so named because it was never made in Flemish-land; but, as will presently be seen, the scoffers are wrong. The province of Limburg, however, now divided between Germany and Belgium, which was so long one of the principal seats of this manufacture, has always been a frontier State, and had always been up to 1814 subject to the counts and other rulers of Flanders.

BURKISHERS.

The ware is in truth essentially German in its history, and in the characteristics of its diversified forms and artistic embellishments. The precise date and place of its origin remain unknown. A well-authenticated fragment of the brown ware bears the date of 1539; but examples of a rude, unglazed, white ware, and of a coarse, earthen body of dark gray, smeared with a lead glaze, have been found in excavations, and may be supposed to have been the productions of a very remote period. But evidently, by the middle of the sixteenth century the art had attained to something like perfection. For two centuries Germany retained the monopoly, and kept Europe supplied with drinking vessels adapted very much to the tastes, to the measures and to the usages of different lands. It was toward the end of the eighteenth century when a successful attempt was made by one Dwight, of Fulham, to produce the like articles in England. This was, however, a period of remarkable activity among English potters. The picturesque, though rude, puzzle-jugs and tygs had been the product of much ingenuity; but they were disappearing before the beautiful salt-glaze ware, much of which has never been excelled in perfection of form and sharpness of ornament, and which had attained to the highest degree of artistic quality before the advent of Josiah Wedgwood.

The stoneware, however, properly so called, was probably produced in numberless localities all over Germany and the low countries, where suitable clay and natural aptitude existed. But there are a few districts to which peculiar interest attaches; these were seats of characteristic and often remarkable original styles. Among the most notable places was Siegburg, situated not far from Bonn, on a tributary of the Rhine. There were produced the tall, cylindrical cannettes in what was long known as Cologne ware, and other articles of a like kind in a white body, often unglazed, but richly embossed with elaborate figures and ornaments in relief. Siegburg suffered severely during the seventeenth century wars, and the potters, despairing of carrying on their industry in peaceful security, emigrated to other lands. All attempts to induce them to return were unsuccessful; but some fifty years ago an enterprising potter undertook to revive the business. With the aid of old molds, gathered from different directions, and following closely the old traditions, he began the production of ware of the old type. These pieces found a ready sale, being disposed of by unscrupulous dealers as genuine Siegburg ware.

PACKING AN OVEN.

In the year 1614, it appears that the Earl of Isenbourg, with commendable sagacity, made grants of land and gave exemptions from taxation, with other tempting privileges, to one Bartrain Knodtgen, a potter of Siegburg, by way of inducing him and his fellow-workers to transfer their art from its old home and to settle in this locality. The men of Siegburg and of Raeren thus encouraged flocked into the new country, and found there the peace and the protection for which in their old homes they had sighed in vain. Their art thus transplanted has survived many vicissitudes, at times has been well-nigh extinguished, but has happily revived, and it flourishes to-day in greater volume than ever, the name of Knodtgen being still borne by many of those who are associated with its fortunes.

In the earlier days of which we have spoken the stonewear of the Kannenbacherland had no special character of its own sufficient to make it easily distinguishable from the productions of the Limbourg center from which it had been imported. As a general rule, it may be said that one seldom finds original figure subjects, or delicate frieses of ornamentation, such as those which are the glories of the treasured examples of old Siegburg and Raeren. When subjects of this kind are found they are generally borrowed from the older types. The relief ornamentation was generally impressed by small metal seals, and these rosettes were then connected by steams and branches incised in the clay. Often enough a medallion portrait or heraldic panel occupies the center of the piece, but such always has the appearance of being a mere accessory rather than an essential detail in the general and harmonious design. The effect thus obtained was heightened by the employment of bright colored enamels, in deference to the rather gaudy taste of the age; harmonious blendings of purples and blues are the principal characteristics of the ware.

The Kannenbacherland of to-day comprises nine busy villages, of which the two most populous, Hohr and Grenzhausen, give a common title to the district. Half a[illegible] between two [illegible] thousand population, and signs of the craft abroad on every hand. The process of manufacture is often carried on under the public gaze. There are about fifty ovens in which ware is fired, and these belong to about the many master employers. A [illegible] chemical utensils and drain pipes are among the special goods manufactured. Grenzhausen's greatest claim, however, rests on the making of a certain jug and mug that are the joy of every beer-drinker in Germany. In general appearance the town is much like Hohr, as are also Bronnbach, Rossbach, Hillgert, Mayendorf, Wirges, Hillscheid and Arzbach. The last place chiefly produces mineral water bottles, of which millions are disposed of annually. At the Staffordshire potteries, where the Wedgwood ware is produced, the whole or nearly all the material is brought from a distance, the clay and marls found at hand a century and over ago having been exhausted. In the Hohr-Grenzhausen country, to the contrary, raw material is contiguous and abundant. In general appearance the factories or Hohr-Grenzhausen suggest a comparison with the small potteries that might have been built in Staffordshire in the far-away pre-Wedgwood days. There is the same absence of architectural design, the same look of haphazardness, the familiar maze without the smallest suggestion of a plan. All the world over, indeed, there is a family likeness between the workshops, wherein the potter's simple craft was pursued until the very modern edifices of the great houses of to-day came to be constructed. It is not impossible that under the influences thus foreshadowed the handicraft may disappear, and with it the imagery that is as true to-day as it was thousands of years ago, of clay in the potter's hands, and of the power which he possessed, of his simple volition, of the same lump, to make one vessel unto honor and another unto dishonor.

It is, however, noticeable that the ancient art of the "thrower"—the potter of antiquity—is largely practiced here, though many of the objects are pressed from plaster molds. Women are employed to attach the handles and spouts and to finish the ware after it has left the thrower. Upon the women too devolves the delicate work of scratching in the clay such patterns of flowers and arabesques as form a rough decoration on the surface. Models or patterns are rarely used. The women trace their design with great freedom of hand. These devices in "scratching" are subsequently relieved by broad touches of color, the cobalt used being mixed with water and clay, with a further admixture of salt to make the pigment run fluidly under the brush.

PUTTING ON A FINISHING TOUCH.

The apprentices serve a term of from three to four years, and the work people are paid upon a system of piece work called "Tagenwerken," under which a given number of differing articles are adopted as the unit for calculating the work per day. For example, a man is understood to make in one day two hundred and forty mineral water bottles or one hundred and sixty mugs of one liter size.

The process of firing differs materially from that commonly pursued in the ordinary manufacture of pottery. There the oven is vertical, inclosed within a bottle-shaped "hovel," which protects it and the fires from the external weather. At Hohr-Grenzhausen the oven is of a long horizontal form, with apertures at intervals along each side of the arched roof, covered with earthenware slabs which are removable at particular stages of the firing. This is for the purpose of throwing in the salt, the fusing of which at the proper heat gives to the ware its glazed surface.

A Sympathizing Employe.

Mrs. De Fadd (who can not stand the odor of turpentine)—I would have sent for you to have done this cleaning last week, but we have been having the outside of our house painted and it made us all sick.

Mrs. McSadd (sympathizingly)—Sure, Oi don't wonder. Thim colors is enough to make any one sick.—N. Y. Weekly.

In Case of Fire.

A grim stroke of humor is being attributed to the Marquis of Ailesbury in Wiltshire. A large supply of hand-grenades for extinguishing fire had been ordered for the mansion at Savernake. After all the corridors had been sufficiently supplied there were still six of the grenades over. A servant asked the Marquis what should be done with them. His lordship reflected a moment, and then replied:

"I think you had better put them in my coffin."—Foreign Letter.

OVER TRAINED.

First Sportsman—What did you do with that setter pup of yours, Tom—the one you were going to train?

Second Sportsman—Oh, he got trained a little too heavily. He got upon the railroad track just as the express came by.—Munsey's Weekly.

A Train Wrecked.

Bloboon—I don't see how Jabber got an invitation to this party. He's a regular train wrecker.

Snapper—Train wrecker. Why isn't he in jail?

Bloboon—He can not dance with a lady three minutes without stumping all over her dress.—Boston Herald.

About the Same Thing.

He—Now, my darling, you know how strong is my love for you. Do not say you will be a sister to me.

She—No, George, I will not say so. You—

He—Then you will—

She—You may be a brother to me, George.—Boston Herald.

His Way Out of It.

Miss Outcasto—What perfectly lovely roses!

Outpocket—Yes, sir—er—sweetheart. (To the disagreeable flower-girl) Can you—er—cash—er—such a check?—Judge.

Had Where She Was Entering.

Bobby—Is every word in this dictionary, pa?

Pockley—I guess not. Every little while a new word comes into the language.

Bobby—What's the latest word, pa?

Pockley—Your mother will tell you, my son. She always has the last word.—Munsey's Weekly.

Human Nature.

Rambo—Let's go on the other side of the street.

Pompous—This is much pleasanter.

Rambo—I know; but they are hoisting a safe on the other side. Let's walk under it.—West Shore.

Wait a Little While.

Yes, take your time for it is better late than never, and if you will not at once try the proper remedy to restore your health wait until your doctor says you can't live and then try it. Doctors make a mistake quite often and doctor symptoms instead of diseases. A patient complains of mysterious aches and pains, sleeplessness, gloomy forebodings, nervous disquietude, etc. He is given a liniment for his aches, a narcotic for his sleeplessness, whisky to make him cheerful, and nux vomica or other poison to quiet his nerves. Verily, the last condition of that man is worse than the first. How many fall into the whisky or opium habit, and remain confirmed invalids until death brings relief. You don't need such stuff. You need an alterative. You need a remedy that will merely assist nature in regaining her equilibrium. You need a remedy that will assist and strengthen the natural functions of the body. You need a remedy that will assist the digestion and assimilation of food you eat, a remedy that is easy and kind to the stomach, kidneys and liver. Such a remedy is Dr. Bull's Sarsaparilla. Try it and you will then get well in spite of doctors and erroneous treatment.

LADY writes at the end of a letter to a friend: "Now, I must conclude, for my feet are so cold that I can hardly hold my pen."—Pick Me Up.

Map of the United States.

A large, handsome Map of the United States, mounted and suitable for office or home use, is issued by the Burlington route. Copies will be given free when it can be done without expense for transmission; or they will be mailed to any address on receipt of six cents in postage by P. S. Eustis, Gen'l Pass. Agent, C. B. & Q. R. R., Chicago, Ill.

WE suppose a woman may be said to be fur-tive in her way when she tries to pass off plush for sealskin.

YOUR attention is called to the seed advertisement of H. Bucklee, Rockford, Ill. If you intend to purchase seeds, plants, etc., this is a first-class, reliable house. His beautiful illustrated catalogue will be mailed free upon application to all readers of this paper.

THE man who doesn't think his baby is the prize baby hasn't got any baby.—Binghamton Leader.

Playing Cards.

You can obtain a pack of best quality playing cards by sending fifteen cents in postage to P. S. Eustis, Gen'l Pass Ag't, C. B. & Q. R. R., Chicago, Ill.

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WORM medicine! The very name puts a bad taste in a child's mouth, unless her mother has been kind and given her Dr. Bull's Worm Destroyers. These little candies taste good.

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EXPLOSIONS of Coughing are stopped by Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar. Pike's Toothache Drops Cure in one minute.

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THE best cough medicine is Piso's Cure for Consumption. Sold everywhere. 25c.

THE GENERAL MARKETS.

KANSAS CITY, Dec. 79			
CATTLE—Shipping steers	$4 35	@	4 85
Butchers' steers	2 50	@	3 80
Native cows	2 00	@	2 80
HOGS—Good to choice heavy	5 50	@	5 75
WHEAT—No. 2 red	86	@	90
No. 2 hard	83	@	84
CORN—No. 2	42	@	42½
OATS—No. 2	27½	@	28½
RYE—No. 2	63½	@	63½
FLOUR—Patents, per sack	2 30	@	2 45
Fancy	2 10	@	2 15
HAY—Baled	7 50	@	9 50
BUTTER—Choice creamery	20	@	22
CHEESE—Full cream	9	@	9½
EGGS—Choice	17½	@	18
BACON—Hams	10	@	11
Shoulders	5	@	6½
Sides	7	@	8
LARD	6½	@	6½
POTATOES	75	@	90
ST. LOUIS.			
CATTLE—Shipping steers	4 00	@	4 60
Butchers' steers	3 00	@	3 60
HOGS—Packing	5 00	@	5 25
SHEEP—Fair to choice	4 00	@	5 50
FLOUR—Choice	3 50	@	3 75
WHEAT—No. 2 red	93½	@	94½
CORN—No. 2	40	@	40½
OATS—No. 2	26½	@	41
RYE—No. 2	66	@	67
BUTTER—Creamery	22	@	26
PORK	9 90	@	10 00
CHICAGO.			
CATTLE—Shipping steers	4 00	@	4 60
HOGS—Packing and shipping	5 00	@	5 00
SHEEP—Fair to choice	4 00	@	5 00
FLOUR—Winter wheat	4 40	@	5 00
WHEAT—No. 2 red	91	@	91½
CORN—No. 2	41	@	41½
OATS—No. 2	30	@	30½
RYE—No. 2	65	@	65½
BUTTER—Creamery	22	@	26
PORK	9 90	@	9 12½
NEW YORK.			
CATTLE—Common to prime	3 50	@	4 85
HOGS—Good to choice	3 25	@	3 75
FLOUR—Good to choice	4 40	@	5 10
WHEAT—No. 2 red	1 04½	@	1 05
CORN—No. 2	50½	@	50
OATS—Western mixed	37	@	38
BUTTER—Creamery	18	@	28½
PORK	10 00	@	12 00

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Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials free. Price, 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

LITTLE Boy—"Papa, the papers say the nine owners are going to coalesce. What is the meaning of coalesce?" Papa—"It means the coal, my son."—Grip.

Dyspeptic Beware.

When the stomach disclaims the drafts made upon it by the rest of the system, it is momentarily become its fault of strength is very low. Toned with Hostetter's St. mach Bitters it soon begins to pay out vigor in the shape of pure, rich blood, containing the elements of muscle, bone and brain. As a sequence of the new vigor afforded the stomach, the bowels perform their functions regularly and the liver works like clockwork. Malaria has no effect upon a system thus reinforced.

"WHY—hello! You are the last person I expected to meet." "Well, and the last person you have met."—Boston Gong & Sinker.

Tyrone, Blair, Oct. 6, 1884.

MESSRS. A. T. SCHALLENBERGER & CO.

Rochester, Pa. Gents—The bottle of Shallenberger's Pills sent me in February last I gave to W. G. Anderson of this place, a long standing case of chills and fever. He had tried everything known without any permanent good. In less than ten days after taking your Antidote he was sound and well, and has gone through the entire season without any return. It seems to have effectually driven the Malarious poison from his system. Yours truly,

V. A. ANDERSON.

WHEN a woman goes to invest in sealskins she soon realizes that fifty dollars will not go far.—Boston Herald.

PHYSICIANS informed me that I was threatened with paralysis or apoplexy. I suffered terribly with pain in the right side of my head, especially when I went out or write, and on rising my feet would become perfectly blind and had to hold to something to prevent my falling. I am happy to say that Bull's Sarsaparilla has entirely relieved me. My appetite is good and for the first time in a long while I enjoy my dinners.—Mr. B. C. Rivers, Louisville, Ky.

THERE are lots of people in this world who wear silks and velvets on top with a carefully covered garment of sackcloth and ashes underneath.—Atchison Globe.

To the Pacific Coast.

Go to California via the through lines of the Burlington Route, from Chicago or St. Louis to Denver, and thence over the new broad gauge, through car lines of the Denver & Rio Grande or Colorado Midland Railways, via Leadville, Glenwood Springs and Salt Lake—through interesting cities and unsurpassed scenery. Dining Cars all the way.

LITERARY men do not, as a rule, have a head for business, and so, paradoxical as it may seem, they do not get ahead.—Somerville Journal.

THOSE of you who are weary and heavy adened with sickness and care, weighed down with the infirmities that beset the human system, can find the one thing necessary to restore you to bright buoyant health, in Sherman's Prickly Ash Bitters. It invigorates and strengthens the debilitated organs, aids digestion, and dispels the clouds arising from a diseased liver.

IF women are as sweet as they would like to have the men think they are, why is it that they have such a keen fondness for confectionery?—Somerville Journal.

IF every woman in this land knew for herself the actual quality of Dobbins' Electric Soap, no other washing soap could be sold. Millions do use it, but other millions have never tried it. Have you? Ask your grocer for it.

THE color line, as applied to the sugar problem, is a matter of refinement.—Hutchinson News.

BILIOUSNESS, dizziness, nausea, headache, are relieved by small doses of Carter's Little Liver Pills.

FIRST-CLASS securities — Handcuffs and timelocks.—Boston Transcript.

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ONE ENJOYS

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50c and $1 bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute.

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RELIEVES HOARSENESS AT THE LUNGS INSTANTLY.

PRICE, 50 CENTS. SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

Piso's Cure for Consumption.

My wife and child having a severe attack of Whooping Cough, we thought that we would try Piso's Cure for Consumption, and found it a perfect success. The first bottle broke up the Cough, and four bottles completely cured them.—H. Bradford, 167 Superior St., Chicago, Illinois.

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LABELLED 1-2 LB. TINS ONLY.

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